THE DEMONSTRATOR.

A WEEKLY PERIODICAL OF FACT, THOUGHT AND COMMENT.

VOL. I. HOME, (LAKEBAY POSTOFFICE), WASH., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1903. NO. 2.

THE TYRANT'S SONG.

'Tis not the man with match alight
Behind the barricade,
Nor he who stoops to dynamite,
That makes us feel afraid.
For halter-end and prison-cell
Soon quench these brief alarms;
But where are found the means to quell
The man with folded arms?

We dread the man who folds his arms
And tells the simple truth,
Whose strong, impetuous protest charms
The virgin ear of youth,
Who scorns the vengeance that we wreak,
And smiles to meet his doom,
Who on the scaffold still can speak,
And preaches from the tomb.

We kill the man with dagger drawn—
The man with loaded gun;
They never see the morning dawn
Nor hail the rising sun;
But who shall slay the immortal man
Whom nothing mortal harms,
Who never fought and never ran—
The man with folded arms?

—Ernest Crosby.

DO YOU WANT FREE SPEECH?

To many, it may seem strange that this question should be asked at all in our boasted land of freedom. Of course, we all want free speech. Despotic lands like Russia, and semi-despotic empires like misruled Germany, with its mad Mullah of an emperor may strive to crush liberty of speech, press and mails; but the United States, never! Was not this country founded on the principles of freedom? Is not the Declaration of Independence firm in its utterance of inalienable rights? Is not the principle of free speech and a free press firmly embedded in the national constitution, as well as in the constitutions of all, or nearly all the several states? Why harp so persistently on an axiomatic truth, accepted by every sane person?

To these pertinent queries, answer must be made by a recapitulation of facts, which are appalling in their cumulative testimony. There is no doubt that the abstract principle of free speech is theoretically accepted by all in the civilized world, save the common enemies of the human family—the conscious and unscrupulous exploiters, despots and bigots in various lands, who profit directly by human ignorance, and their fanatical dupes, who are so blinded by religious or party zeal as to be little better than insane. To the first category belong such notorious characters as William of Germany, the Pope of Rome, Comstock and Rockefeller. The latter class is composed, in the main, of more obscure personages. A fair type is an unfortunate relic of insane mediævalism named Eugene S. Willard, who recently aroused contempt for his creed and pity for his own mental deficiency, by advertising in letters to the press that church attendance be made compulsory, and that "infidels" be burned at the stake. These two classes combined, however, form but a small percentage of the population. In spite of the corrupting influence of all social evils and abnormal environments, the great heart of the people is sound. The sins of society are the fruit of ignorance and external pressure, and not of deliberate badness. It is therefore that a cure is not hopeless, and that education, and not force, is the remedy. Be it understood, moreover, that by "the people" is meant the average of every rank and class. Heaven defend me from that "class consciousness," which sees virtue and honest intention only in its own class—even though that class be the most useful of the population! We must rid ourselves of the spirit of hatred, as a preliminary to extirpating fundamental evils from the social consciousness. Many reformers have bemoaned the ignorance of the workingman, while believing that his nature was, as a rule, highminded and uncorrupted, and that in his more intelligent action lay the hope of the future. Nor have they been far wrong. But is all ignorance confined to the working class? Nay, even among those who are classed as "vampires" and "parasites," is it not certain that the great majority consists of men [illegible] who are exploiters because they know no better, and, as they honestly believe, from necessity and in simple self defence? In nine cases out of ten, their heads, rather than their hearts, are at fault. The fundamental ignorance, and incapacity for original thinking, among the routine bound business men of this country, is more widespread and more extraordinary than the ignorance of the working class. They have become polished automatons; and their minds resemble the intricate, but servile mechanism of their own calculating machines. Often their motives are high, and their purposes most honorable. They are simply ignorant with an ignorance instilled into them at birth, and fed by false education and a brain-warping environment. All things appear to them in a false perspective. Like Plato's cave-dwellers, they have never seen anything but shadows, and have no conception of living beings. Their misdirected charities, offered in place of the removal of the social wrongs which necessitate charity, far more frequently represent sheer inability to comprehend the cause of social disease, than they do a cunningly devised system of calculated hypocrisy. Thousands of them are warm-hearted in their inner nature, and need only to be enlightened as to the meaning of life and the truth of human relationships. There is scarcely more real ground for hating them, than for hating a rather dull and backward child. Let them be waked up and enlightened, and they will progress fast enough in the right direction. They need books, not brickbats; arguments, not invectives; truth, not bullets. This is not mere by-pass-lyrics, but cold common sense. Where ignorance is the real curse, it is sheer folly to fight those who simply need to be enlightened. No quarter with falsehood. Smash the lie by fact, argument, sarcasm or any other open and honorable means. Expose pernicious theories and dogmas for the slimy things they are. But do not damn your fellow man, for groping in the dark. Rather give him a hand, to reach the light. Better one live convert to truth than a million corpses.

Returning to the main theme, the detour from which has not been so long as may at first appear, I lay down as a premise that the vast majority of the American people believe in free speech, and really accept it as the foundation of all free institutions. Nevertheless, this supreme principle was never so shamefully nullified as at the present time; and the evil work still goes on. How explain the paradox? Whence comes this apathy on the part of the people? The only answer can be that the public conscience has been drugged by specious pretexts. Without denying the general applicability of the principle of free speech, its enemies have gradually insinuated exceptions, on the most plausible grounds.

"But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow."

Little by little, much ground has been gained from the friends of freedom. The manner in which this has been done will be considered in subsequent articles.

James F. Morton, Jr.

RIGHT TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

There was a man in San Francisco who knew how to raise a boy. He owned, among his herd of slaves, a boy nine years old, who was detected stealing a dollar from the family purse. Now, I don't suppose there was a man in that city who did not in his boyhood days steal something of more value than a dollar. I can remember a certain boy years ago sneaking through a fence with 4 watermelon under each arm, chased across a field by the owner, fell off the bank into a creek, lost both melons and his hat, but managed to save his reputation. This San Francisco man was a Christian. He was a believer in the "spare the rod, spoil the child" theory. He took an iron rod and heated one end, then he tied the boy and proceeded to amuse himself burning the boy's hands and face. There was a photograph of the boy's burned hands and face in the San Francisco Examiner. It was something dreadful. The man was arrested, but I have forgotten what was done with him. It doesn't matter; they couldn't inflict any worse punishment than the memory of that cowardly, inhuman deed. Until the grim phantom's icy fingers clutch his heart the stain will ever rest upon his soul.

I have seen children whipped when they ought to have been kissed. In South Dakota, a little girl of 3 years was slapped for falling against a stove. Her old hyena mother went at her something like this; "Now, what in the world are you doing around that stove, didn't I tell you to stay away from that stove?"—(one might think the poor little thing had really hurt the stove. After the fun of slapping the child then there was more trouble: "I don't want to hear any more of your howling; do you hear me? Shut up now!" Of course, the baby only cried harder. Then the old vulture would pounce down upon the poor little chicken and tear out some more of the feathers.

Whenever I got whipped I used to plan out some mean act in revenge. I had been in the habit of going swimming on Sunday for some time, before my father found it out. He jumped about three feet high and shouted "The Devil's in the community!" Then he went for the strap; and I went for the door. I hid behind the hogpen, and hastily resolved to stay there until dark and then run away and go to sea as captain or first mate of a ship. My seafaring career was cut short by the blamed hog which made such a fuss that the old man located me; and I thought sure enough "the Devil was in the community." Another time I was angry at something, and said "God damn it." I didn't know [illegible] around. The old man heard it; and you can bet I thought God damn it a great many times before he got through with me.

We can judge the breadth and greatness of a man by his ability to overlook trifles.

The punishment of children does more harm than good. It raises a barrier of distrust and fear between child and parent; and just at some critical time when the child needs advice the most, it can not be reached. Reason is far better than a whip. Any child will do more through love than through fear. It is better to be good chums with children. Be their friend when they do right, and give them your sympathy when they do wrong—when they need it most.

When I went to school, there was nothing in the physiology about the sexual organs, not one word. Children should be told by their parents or teacher about the structure and functions of these most important parts of the body. They will not be as likely to make serious mistakes if they have right ideas.

It should be impressed upon the minds of boys that the first principle of a gentleman is to respect the wishes of the opposite sex; that true nobility of manhood is to protect woman in the enjoyment of her liberty and her rights. I sat in a court room one day, and saw a little girl torn from her mother's arms and given to her father. I heard the pitiful appeal of the mother. I heard the heart-rending cries of the child. I saw her little hands forced to loosen their hold upon her mother's dress. I saw her, kicking and screaming, carried to her father; and I saw the look of triumph on his face as he clasped her

Continued on page 4.

THE DEMONSTRATOR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY THE DEMONSTRATOR GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications to THE DEMONSTRATOR, Home, Wash.

Make all money orders payable to THE DEMONSTRATOR, Lakebay, Wash.

DEMONSTRATIVE.

The source of all the reform movements in the United States has at last been discovered. All other claimants must give place. Amanda T. Potter, writing in The Flaming Sword, the organ of Koreshanity, coolly puts forward that exponent of a preposterous religion as "the publication from which reform periodicals have both knowingly and unwittingly absorbed the better ideas of their advocacy." She further remarks, in her amusing effusion: "The pure brilliancy of the truth put forth by its founder, glowing steadily through headline and page, is to some extent reflected upon the sheets in mention." Verily, nerve is not lacking among our modern self-created prophets. The final decay of Koreshanity will assuredly not be brought about by any excess of modesty on the part of its astute leader and his credulous followers.

Conspicuous among those who are endeavoring to unseat Reed Smoot, the Mormon apostle who has been elected United States Senator from Utah, may be noticed those whose blind devotion to their own creed is only equaled by their fanatical hatred of Mr. Smoot's. Probably not one in a hundred of them has the slightest knowledge of the actual tenets of the Mormon church, or has read a single line of the Book of Mormon. (I cannot much blame them for this last omission; I never waded through a more tedious volume). Taken item for item, the worst Mormon-hater cannot find a greater number of more absurd, vicious and "immoral" dogmas in the teachings of the Saints than are accepted without a murmur by the faithful Roman Catholic. The only difference in favor of the Pope-worshipers is their numerical superiority. Let the numbers of the Mormons increase to a few million, and the politicians, instead of vying with one another to kick them, in order to win the applause of their Christian constituents, will be on their knees before them, begging for their suffrages. The queer thing is, that a few Freethinkers, including Mr. Wakeman, of the Torch of Reason, actually join in the hue and cry against Senator Smoot. If he is to be robbed of his seat, on the ground that allegiance to his church would predominate with him over allegiance to the government, every Protestant or Catholic Congressman ought to be bounced out of his seat for a like reason; and a censorship of private opinions is at once established. The whole affair is a beautiful specimen of transcendant hypocrisy, and a fresh proof that, with the "Christian" voters of this country, a belief in religious liberty is not even skin deep. Though not otherwise concerned in the incident, we may well cite it for its utility as an illustration of a bigotry which the world is strangely slow in outgrowing.

Dixie, a southern manufacturers' journal, is thankful for the existence of the negro, and declares that he must always remain in the South, always, of course, on condition that he be content to live as a beast of burden, without a single upward look. This organ of exploitation shamelessly rejoices that the negro, kept ignorant and humble, can always be used to break strikes, to destroy labor organizations, and to keep labor, white and black alike, in a condition of perpetual enslavement. It remains to be seen whether the self-respecting colored population of the South will relish this insult, offered in the guise of compliment. The worst enemies of the negro have never sought to place a fouler stigma on him.

The defenders of the trusts, and especially of that mammoth among elephants, the Standard Oil monopoly, have always been vociferous in their claims that these gigantic combinations, being run with an economy impossible to small competing concerns, would greatly reduce prices to the consumer. To this, the only answer was: "Wait until the monopoly is firmly intrenched, and all competition crushed." That time has now arrived, and what do we see? The oil trust, which is already declaring a dividend of 42 per cent, stretches out its greedy hand for more. This mighty bandit, beside whom Dick Turpin was only a Sunday-school scholar, and Captain Kidd a babe in arms, takes advantage of the necessities of the people to raise the price of oil with unprecedented celerity. And John D. Rockefeller, the arch-fiend of the coterie of criminals, brings the religious world to his feet by a few pious platitudes and a timely donation to the sycophantic authorities of the Chicago University. Shame on the donor, and on the base and servile receivers of the blood money! Meanwhile, the younger Rockefeller, a chip of the old block, is conducting a bible class, with no other qualification than his father's plentiful supply of boodle. Unctuous sanctimoniousness is remarkably easy to a certain type of robbers. It is no wonder that the churches are now becoming rich men's clubs, and are instinctively shunned as pestilential by the laboring class.

The utter lack of magnanimity characteristic of the British government has been painfully evinced by its treatment of poor Lynch, for fighting in the Boer army. To be sure, he was extremely foolhardy, to thrust his head into the lion's mouth, by returning to the lair of the beast; but the extreme cruelty of his condemnation is too heavy an atonement. England's excessive brutality has caused her to throw away a magnificent opportunity to make her name honored among nations. But she is constitutionally incapable of rising above a despicable pettiness in her treatment of such as have offended her vanity.

A certain element, more especially in the Southern states, continues to disgrace itself by its insolent attempts to force Roosevelt to cater to its own vile race prejudice. He has not done anything remarkable, but has chosen to treat colored citizens with ordinary decency; and for this he is made the target for the foulest abuse. I am not a partisan of Roosevelt; but I would uphold my worst enemy on a matter of principle. I have a standing challenge to all negro-haters. As far as my knowledge goes, not one of them has yet produced anything fit to be called an argument in behalf of race prejudice. While Roosevelt has many things to his discredit, if he succeeds in resisting the pressure of race bigots, and holds firm to the policy of treating every man, white or black, according to his personal merits, he may be assured that the sober judgment of history will place at least one conspicuous item on the credit side of his account with posterity.

The extreme pessimism of Russian literature has been noted by literary critics. But what else could be seriously expected, in a land of unchecked despotism? There is nothing to inspire an optimistic outlook.

The man who thinks is more dreaded of tyrants than the man who shoots or votes.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

LITERATURE.

[Under this head, it is proposed to comment on our exchanges and of current literature of a thought provoking tendency. Books and pamphlets sent me will be impartially reviewed.]

J. Herbert Rowell is under the Comstockian ban; but his readable pamphlets are not. The latest of these, entitled "Pure Economy," is a further development of his ideas of free communism. It is written in an easy colloquial style, and will appeal to many readers. Some of his retorts to imaginary objections are witty and forcible. For instance:

"You say under a republican form of government we can change our rulers. Yes, we can. A man walking through deep mud can lift one foot out of the mud, and put the other foot in; but all the while he is in the mud; and so it is with a republican form of government. The fault is not alone with the man in office; the fault lies with the system, as well as with the officials."

Mr. Rowell believes in the uselessness and eventual disappearance of large cities. He is insistent on the advantage of rural life; and his social ideal is the free communistic community which shall produce all that it consumes, and consume all that it produces, without any form of trade relation with those outside its borders. He believes that such self-dependent communities are feasible today, and had taken steps to found one, just before his trouble with the authorities, the facts of which I have not been able to learn.

Of all current publications, I do not know one of so much general value as The Literary Digest. It is an epitome of the thought and action of the world. There are several periodicals of a similar design and scope, but none that approach it in thoroughness and excellence. It is indispensable to all who would keep in touch with the thought of the world. The broad impartiality with which it presents all sides in the very words of their representative advocates, renders it of inestimable value to the student of our own times. It is published weekly at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, N. Y., and is worth many times its subscription price of $3 per year.

I was amused to see a curious literary blunder in a recent issue of The Truth Seeker. Its editor, in reply to a correspondent, referred to "Nothing to Wear, by Flora McFlimsey!" As well speak of the Merchant of Venice by Shylock, or of Martin Chuzzlewit by Mr. Pecksniff. The poem, though old, deserves to live as one of the cleverest specimens of satire this country has yet produced. I believe that Butler, its author, is still living, or was until quite recently.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

LETTER BOX.

J. A., San Francisco, Cal.—By all means, hatred of injustice, but not of individuals. The existence of opposites does not imply that both are equally desirable. Health and disease are opposite conditions; but only the former is to be cultivated.

G. P., Sacremento, Cal.—Pamphlet received with thanks. Before I review it, please let me know if it is for sale, and if so, at what price.

To Personal Correspondents—Pardon delay in answering letters. Lack of time is not lack of inclination.

R. W., Mt. Juliet, Tenn.—The appearance of THE DEMONSTRATOR answers your questions. The Firebrand has been received and appreciated. Thanks for your kind words and offer.

THE BRAVE "BOYS" IN BLUE.

Those patriotic and wordy defenders of law and order who condemn workingmen for refusing to join any organization of military character should have been huddled into the New York trolley en route for Mount Vernon last Sunday morning in order that their guardian angels might have been studied at short range.

A party of soldiers from Fort Slocum created a panic and nearly murdered the conductor, Louis Ettinger. These interesting hired assassins who are members of the "fighting" 16th U. S. infantry, just back from Luzon, were drinking from flasks and having a glorious time. One of them made an insulting remark, which a Mr. Mitchell, a passenger, and Daniel Long, a former motorman, resented. Then a half dozen soldiers sprang on Long and Mitchell and kicked and punched them in the face. In the excitement several of the soldiers drew revolvers and began firing through the windows. Women screamed and fainted, while men ran to the platforms and jumped from the car. The conductor, who was trying to collect fares, received a knife thrust in the back and fell to the floor, and Mitchell was thrown bodily through a car window. Four policemen boarded the car at Sixth street.

When the soldiers saw the policemen, they leaped off and scattered in all directions, but three of them were captured. The prisoners denied they did the stabbing, but after they had been searched and nothing found on them, the police picked up a blood-covered knife from the floor, where one of them had dropped it. It is believed that Conductor Ettinger is fatally wounded. This incident goes far to prove that the Filipinos are well and humanely treated by "our" soldiers and have every reason to love them. Army training is wonderful in its elevating effect upon character. —Socialist Spirit.

A STORY OF PERSECUTION.

James F. Morton, Jr., Esq. Dear Sir—I appreciate the compliment implied in your request that I write for your publication, on account of my experiences with the law in consequence of things that I have printed. It would be so big a job to give it to you with any minuteness that I shall only attempt an outline.

My first imprisonment was about nine years ago, when I was put in jail for two months and fined $100 by the Christian or Campbellite church in Paris, Ky. An elder of that church wrote me a letter for my paper, giving an account of the crimes that had occurred among members of that church in consequence of drunkenness, principally, in the last twenty years previous to his time of writing. He gave no names of any of the parties. I published the letter. The particulars of each crime, giving the names of all the parties, had been printed in the papers at the time of their occurrence. In a short comment on that letter I said as follows:

"If I had a contract to bore for hell fire I would pick the place where the earth's crust is thinnest, and rig my derrick right in front of that Christian church in Paris."

The charge against me was libel.

I was next arrested and tried for blasphemy. It was during the famous Breckinridge-Pollard scandal. I said as follows:

"If any man should tell me that Jesus Christ was born as the result of a bort of Breckinridge-Pollard hyphenation between God and a Jew woman I would call that blasphemy."

Judge Parker, before whom the case was tried, was, and is, an infidel, and he decided that there was no such crime as blasphemy in Kentucky.

On February 8, 1899, I was sentenced for two years at hard labor in the penitentiary at Columbus, O. McKinley commuted my sentence to six months and the prison warden gave me the benefit of one month for good behavior, so that I was there only five months. My life there was an ovation all the time. My "hard labor" was to edit the prison paper and my own paper, except when, for exercise, I preferred to work among the flowers. I was allowed to go out of the prison whenever I wanted to, and had not only comforts but luxuries. When I was released I was given a dining in Columbus, was kindly received in Cincinnati, and at Lexington, my home, I was met by a brass band and several carriages of fine people. The streets were crowded for a mile and a half to see me. I was given a banquet at the finest hotel; beautiful speeches being made by fine gentlemen orators and by Mrs. Henry. I addressed, from the top of a porch in front of the hotel, an audience that the papers said exceeded 5,000 people.

You may think it strange, but some one stole the paper for which I was convicted from my file and I have never seen the piece for which I was convicted since I wrote it and can not repeat it exactly; but I will give the idea and almost the words from memory. It was a comment upon two letters that I printed in my paper; one from Judge Feland of Lawrenceburg, Ky. and one from my college roommate, George Abbott James, lawyer and capitalist of Boston, Mass. He is a brotherinlaw of Senator Lodge. I was convicted for the following words as far as I can repeat them: "I do not see why men and women who enjoy each other socially, intellectually and morally, and extend to each other the hospitalities of their homes, could not in the same way enjoy each other sexually."

I was again arrested and tried by the United States under the following circumstances: A lady of whom I had never before heard wrote me an intelligent and good letter from St. Louis, and I published it. She deplored the fact that population was immensely increasing just in the ratio of the ignorance and poverty of the mothers, and said they ought to read a certain book, the name of which I can not now give because I promised the judge that I would never advertise it. The book contained something in connection with propagation of species that the court said was unlawful to publish. I could not at the time of the court's explanation, and can not now, see why it is unlawful. I glanced over the book and did not think it was of much, if any, importance. But people seeing the letter wrote to me for it, and I advertised it by ordering it from the publishers. The judge was a fine old gentleman, saw plainly that I had intended no harm and dismissed the case.

I was again arrested for publishing Kidder's Virgin Mary, under the charge of obscenity. I was acquitted and am still selling the pamphlet.

Yours fraternally,
CHARLES C. MOORE.

WORTH REPEATING.

We should be grateful if newspapers who seem to feel it their duty to publish all the disgusting details of a fox hunt and similar matters, would employ as small type as possible for the purpose. Matters especially deserving of attention are often tucked away in diamond type in an obscure corner, while the sickening description of a poor terrified creature's 18-mile run for life, pursued by a ravenous pack and watched by fashionable savages, women and men, accompanied by a photograph of the actual killing, is set forth in type and language which are an affront to an intelligent public. In letters an inch long we read that a girl is a champion duck shooter! (Herald, Dec. 1.) "Before breakfast Miss Ranson had 17 ducks to her credit!" And in New York World, "three ladies were in the saddle, each of whom proudly carried away a brush as a trophy," etc. "Each carried home a fox mask as a souvenir of their prowess." "The emperor distinguished himself on the last day of his present visit to England by bringing down 84 rabbits in 20 minutes." (Herald, Nov. 27). And Capt. George K. Griffin of Holyoke, although over 80 years of age, still "fishes and hunts to his heart's content. His aim seems as true as ever and he always carries home 'his full quota of deer'" (a favorite expression). We are struck by the closing words of this account: "He regards the golden rule as an ample rule and guide, and one which he has tried to observe all through life, and he can look back on long years of contact with all manner of men with the knowledge of never doing to any man intentional wrong." Would that his conception of the Golden Rule and its application might increase its boundaries!—Animals' Defender.

The republican party has gone into anti-trust legislation just far enough to convince the people that it is not afraid to push anti-trust bills, and to show the trust magnates that it does not mean to do anything really derogatory to their interests.—The Flaming Sword.

The government of the United States comprises three departments, viz: Wall Street, the W. C. T. U. and the Beet Sugar Industry. The Beet Sugar Interest fixes the tariff. The W. C. T. U. determines what pictures shall hang in the White House. Wall Street, with such clerical help as Congress may render, does the rest.—Life.

Mr. Rockefeller is a generous man and a pious class leader, but we respectfully suggest that he take a Sunday off to consider the question whether he could not do the poor a little good by restoring oil to its old price and deferring a few contributions to the Chicago University.—Sinclairville (N. Y.) Spectator.

Perhaps Mr. Hanna was asked to accept the presidency of the Golden Rule association because he would be such a splendid example of how not to observe it.—The Commoner.

CIVIC MORALS AS OBSERVED.

An extract from a paper recently read by Mrs. Imogene B. Oakley, of Philadelphia, before the National Civil Service Reform League, as reported in the Woman's Journal:

In the New York public schools it is the custom to test the ability of the primary classes in English composition by writing part of a story upon a blackboard, and then requiring the class to complete it in their own language and according to their own individual ideas. Recently a teacher in one of the East Side schools wrote upon the board this little narrative:

"A poor little girl was once selling apples at a railway station. A train came in, and several of the passengers bought fruit from her, and then went back to their seats. Just before the train started another man came to the steps and asked her how much she charged for her apples. 'Three for ten cents, sir,' she answered. 'Then give me three,' he said and took the apples; but before he had paid for them the train began to pull out. The man thought he would save the ten cents by not paying for the apples, so he went back into the car leaving the little girl crying on the platform. But the mayor of the town was sitting in the next seat, and had watched the whole incident."

"Now," said the teacher, "what did the mayor do?"

One little girl, who had grown up on the East Side, and had unconsciously marked the ways of some city officials—and had she lived in Philadelphia her experience would have been the same—continued the story thus:

"Then the mayor was glad because he had seen it all, and could make the man give him half the ten cents. So he went and told the man that he had seen what had been done. And of course the man gave him five cents right away."

WHICH IS GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE?

Andrew Carnegie is reported to have said that some years ago he wanted to cross a mountain in Pennsylvania and a youngster offered to take him over for 50 cents. Mr. Carnegie thought the price was too great, but, after long argument, paid it, "not because the trip was worth it," as the story goes, "but because I had to get on the other side of the mountain." Mr. Carnegie adds: "I predicted that the boy would some day make a fortune, and he has. His name was Charles M. Schwab."

That reminds me of a story. Years ago a young man owned the only woodyard in a prairie town out west. He had a big stock on hand when heavy snows blocked the roads. No wood could be hauled to the town, yet the young man went on selling at his regular price of $2.75 a cord. A friend said to him that he could get $5 as easily, because the people must have wood. The young man said he knew it, but that he was making a fair living profit. So he continued to sell his wood at the same old price. Everybody predicted that he would always be poor, and he is. God bless him! Never mind his name; you wouldn't know it if you heard it; but it is a synonym of human love and tender sympathy throughout all that prairie country.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ARROWS OF WIT.

"Bobby, dear, wouldn't you like to be a missionary when you grow up?"

"An' git et! Not on your life.—Plain Dealer.

Carate: "And how did you like my harvest sermon, Mr. Wurmel?"

Mr. W.: "Not bad, sir!—not bad at all, considerin' yer total hignorance of the subject."—Ex.

"So this is your country house," remarked the stranger. "I suppose you own a city house, too?"

"Huh," replied the machine politician, "I guess you don't know me! Why, I own the city."—Philadelphia Press.

Stuper—"Here's a nice letter for a man to receive. The scoundrel who wrote it calls me a blithering idiot."

Teeple—"What's his name?"

"That's just what I'd like to find out, but there is no signature."

"Don't you recognize the writing? It must be somebody who knows you."—Life.

Polite as American and European editors are when dealing with persons whose manuscript they are unable to accept, they nevertheless do not soothe the disappointed ones in the graceful manner that Chinese editors do. Here, for example, is a letter which was recently sent by the editor of a Pekin newspaper to a gentleman who had offered an unavailable article:

"Glorious brother of the sun and of the moon," it runs, "behold thy son who throws himself at thy feet and begs for thy favor. We were intoxicated with joy when we read your beautiful manuscript. We swear by the ashes of our ancestors that we never read anything equal to it.

"The result is that if we had published it the emperor would have issued an edict prohibiting us from publishing in future any article which might be in the slightest degree inferior to your sublime composition. This would mean that we might have to wait ten years before we could bring out another issue of our paper.

"That is why I return your article with ten thousand apologies. Behold my hand, which trembles as I write. Your very humble slave, Li To Tsche."—Exchange.

HOME NEWS.

Will Adams is here again, visiting his parents.

Laura Wood has gone to Tacoma for a few weeks.

Halvor Clauson, of Seattle, made us a visit this week.

Mrs. May Perry, of San Francisco, made us a visit last week.

J. G. Gaskine is again visiting us, and may remain for several months.

Ray Herring spent two days here this week, visiting at the Minor home.

John Buchi has left Rosslyn, and will be in Tacoma for a time. He made us a visit last week.

Two bald eagles, which have been seen here several times of late, have attracted considerable attention.

Last Friday evening we had the novel experience of a slight earthquake shock. No damage was done. We lie entirely outside the belt of great natural catastrophies.

The Sunday evening meeting, March 8, was opened by W. H. Thompson, who spoke on "social harmony." Stormy weather rendered the attendance emaller than usual; but an interesting discussion took place.

The singing class has been formed, under the charge of George H. Allen, and meets every Thursday evening. Much interest has already been manifested in it; and it will prove of great benefit to the community.

Thomas J. Mullen and wife and son, Roger, have just joined our number, having bought the former print shop This building has served as printing office and as school house, and will now be transformed into a dwelling.

One of our most interesting Sunday evening meetings was that of March 15, when the subject of diet was discussed from every conceivable standpoint. Gertie Vose opened with a brief, but pointed paper; after which all sides had their say. The "food cranks" were out in full force, but everybody kept sweet and enjoyed the points made by the different speakers.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

A number of Tacoma ladies, former residents of Vaughn, have opened their homes to all girls from the vicinity of that community, who come to Tacoma in search of employment. They offer shelter and help in securing work, publishing notices to this effect in the steamers that ply in this part of the Sound.

The mortality tables prove Tacoma to be the healthiest city in the United States, if not in the world. While the city has held this record for some time, in February she surpassed even herself. In her population of 55,000, there were only thirty-five deaths during the entire month; and four of these were from old age.

Readers in Lakebay, Long Branch, North Bay, Balch's Cove, Vaughn and other neighboring settlements, are cordially invited to send in local items for this department. We aim to make this paper of special interest and value to residents along this part of the Sound.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Kansas legislature, contrary to expectation, has refused to grant full suffrage to women.

President Mitchell of the coal miners' union declines a gift of $75,000 which the anthracite miners proposed to raise for him.

Coal operators declare that the proposed tax on the output of the mines will have to be paid by the public. Of course!

The strike begun at Cadiz, Spain, recently owing to general dissatisfaction with existing conditions is spreading. The proprietors of all the stores have closed their places.

From facts gathered in the last six months, the remarkable condition is revealed of the existence of more child labor in New York City than in all of the states of the south combined.

Clarence Darrow has declined the nomination of the Independent Labor Party for mayor of Chicago. His main objection is the badness of the laws which a conecientious mayor is compelled to enforce.

The New York state superintendent of public instruction reports that there has been a great increase during the last year in the number of protests received by his office against reading the Bible in the public schools.

In spite of the Supreme Court decision in the Wellmer case, four new indictments have been found against Helen Wilmans, C. C. Post and Charles F. Burgman. They are charged with fraudulent use of the mails, in claiming to heal through "absent treatments."

In his annual report President Eliot, of Harvard University, makes note of the fact that but 28 per cent of graduates get married, and that the average issue of the married is two children. His figures are taken to mean that educated Americans are not reproducing themselves.

A representative of a large wholesale firm in Seoul, Korea, recently arrived in this country to contract for idols to be used in the heathen temples of his country, as well as of China. He says that a few years ago an American firm sent a few idols as a gift to one of the sacred orders, and a demand for them has resulted.

Testimony before the Missouri grand jury in the investigation of the charges that traffic in girls for immoral purposes exists in St. Louis was to the effect that girls were sold like slaves and that a price of $100 was paid for each good looking woman secured. Further testimony was to the effect that girls are secured and held prisoners and forced to wear garments that make it impossible for them to escape to the street. A similar traffic has recently been proved to exist on a large scale in Philadelphia. Hundreds of persons were implicated, including a number of supposedly reputable citizens.

A mass meeting of 2,000 unemployed was held in Trafalgar Square, London, Eng., on February 14. Resolutions were adopted demanding work and declaring that the proposed investigation into the national food supply in time of war should not be undertaken until the government relieved the famine now existing.

Congress has adjourned, after an exceedingly barren session. Several anti-trust bills were passed; but it is generally admitted that they are too weak to be of real effect. The anti-Anarchist bill died a painless death. The president has called an extra session of the senate, to ratify the Panama Canal and other treaties.

The employes of the Wabash railroad have been enjoined from even calling a strike, under an extraordinary blanket injunction issued by Judge Adams of the United States Circuit Court. The officers of the railway brotherhoods have declared their intention of obeying the injunction, while it remains in force, but of contesting it vigorously in the courts.

Justice Shiras, of the United States Supreme Court, has resigned. Former Secretary of State W. A. Day, of Ohio, has been selected as the successor of Mr. Shiras. Justice Shiras will be remembered as the judge who "changed his mind," under suspicious circumstances, with reference to the constitutionality of the income tax, thereby giving the casting vote against it.

Further reports of resistance to the American occupation of the Philippines have come from Manila. Most of the fighting is in the neighborhood of that city. In the dispatches the Filipino resistants are called "ladrones," but as the same dispatches describe them as fighting in union, and of constituting part of the force of Gen. San Miguel, it is evident that these men are not robbers.

The labor injunction granted last summer by the federal judge, Keller, against the striking coal miners of West Virginia has brought on a battle at Wright's coal mine, in Raleigh county, West Virginia, between strikers and a force of men, mostly railroad and coal mine employes, deputized as assistants to the United States marshal. The fight was the result of an attempt on the part of the deputies to make wholesale arrests for alleged violation of the injunction, which forbade them even to hold meetings in the private hall that they had hired and paid for. Several miners were killed and some sixty others are now lying in prison.

RIGHT TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Continued from page 1.

unwilling form. Such an outrage upon every sense of justice made my blood fairly boil with indignation. Such work is lower than the brutes. There is no beast that walks or swims or crawls this side of hell, that is low enough or dirty enough or cowardly enough to deprive a female of her offspring.

Suppose some of us were having a little pleasure party, and while we were enjoying ourselves with laughter, song and jest, while the merriment was at its height; there should come a knock upon the door, and a stranger should be admitted. We would probably offer him a chair and try to make him comfortable; we might be polite, and lie to him, and say we were real glad he came; it was just in time, etc. Yet we could never feel the same towards him as we would if he had been invited. It is much in the same way that human beings come into this world. The most of them are uninvited guests.

We need a more thorough knowledge of the action of hereditary influences. There is a growing belief that the character of a child is moulded and determined by conditions which precede its birth. We know very little of the despair, the bitterness of anger, the furious resentment against enforced maternity which agitate a woman's mind while she is forming a little body within her own. There may be some glimpse of this in the destructive tendencies so common in children.

When women are truly free; when they possess the wisdom to perfectly control procreation; when they have the power, the opportunity, the conditions to live their own lives in their own way, unhindered by the enslaving obligations of the present. When that time comes, and it certainly will come, there will be no trouble about the moral training of children—they won't need any. Children born under such conditions will only need liberty to grow and develop the good that will be born in them.

JOHN J. LASON.

NOTICE.

THE DEMONSTRATOR will fill out all unexpired subscriptions to Discontent.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 18[illegible], we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the and described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased. If there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that [illegible] has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of [illegible] dollars, which entitles [illegible] to the use and occupancy for life of lot [illegible] block [illegible] as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.